

I applied to register a campsite in Emperor Ridge Campground at the Cache of the Motor Village, because the campground was managed by the Motor Village. They said I could pitch a tent at any unoccupied site. The fee was collected at each site by the clerk in charge in the evening.

In USA, there are rarely private campgrounds in the public land. I thought facilities of the Motor Village must have been settled before the Robson Provincial Park was established.



While I was walking on the trail, thick clouds concealed the top of Mount Robson. Sceneries without Mount Robson didn't appeal to me so strongly. I only saw deep canyon of the Robson River and sheer mountainside of the most magnificent and the highest mountain in the Rockies, Mount Robson.

The south wall is so sheer that there's no trail to the summit. To get to the summit climbers have to go to Berg Lake which lies right behind Mount Robson. Even if taking the route by way of Berg Lake, it's indispensable for a climber to be experienced, fully equipped and very strong in mind and body. I'm not eligible to do such a hard climbing. I'm really fond of easy enjoyable walking in the nature.

On the trail back to the campsite, I walked looking for wild flowers. Deep red Indian Paint Brushes, yellowish cream Columbines, yellow Buttercups, yellow Dandelions and their balls of down were seen everywhere trailside. Although there were a few objects that I wanted to take for photographs, but I had brought neither a close-up lens nor a tripod. I couldn't help giving up.



I got back to my tent at about three p.m. Though it was late for lunch, and pretty early for supper, I went to the Cache in Motor Village to fill my empty stomach with good things. There was almost no one there, because it was Sunday afternoon. I had a quiet and relaxing meal. With two third pound beefsteak

(1153)

After having satisfying meal, I dropped in at neighboring Visitor Information Center on the small man-made butte (the best view point). It was quiet and there was almost no Visitor in front of ranger's counter in the lobby. Rangers were seemed to have nothing to do, and were putting things around them in order.



Though I had nothing to inquire in particular, I asked for a detailed map of Robson Provincial Park, and a general information brochure. Then a young ranger asked me if wanted to see the movie in the theater. Of course I nodded willingly. She took me to the basement and there was an about 100 seats in the cozy theater. The movi usually showed every hour, but on the late of Sunday afternoon. The ranger set the tape (maybe) of general information of the Robson provincial Park and projected on the large screen. The movie device was of HITACHI Make.



The story of the movie was the trail walking from visitor center to Berg Lake along the Robson River under the vegetable limit and the scrambling to the highest summit of Mount Robson .on the rugged sheer mountain from Berg Lake. Along the way, interpretative narrations of the history, geology, botany, wildlife, etc were inserted.

As for sceneries, the grand landscapes were also showed from the sky by the plane flying around close to the south sheer wall and the north wall. It gave me strong impressions. I deeply appreciated ranger's hospitality like this.

After finishing the movie, we got back to the front counter, the ranger prepared me every material they had in hand about things that I saw in the movie. The amount of the materials might weigh one kg.

I spoke English slowly and loudly with the ranger for a little long while, I felt I was used to speaking English with foreigners just a little.

I went to the amphitheater to have a lecture about the wildlives in the Robson Provincial Park at seven p.m.

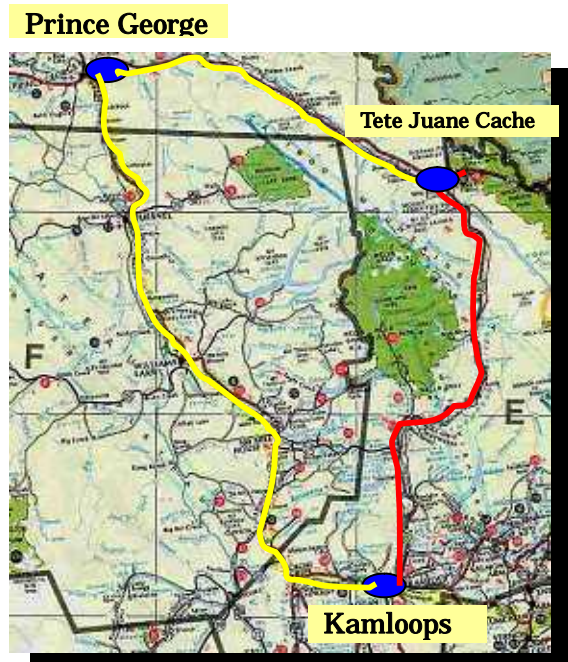
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July 16th (Monday)

I got up at five a.m. It sprinkled twice last night., the Robson covered with thick clouds this morning.

According to the rough original itinerary I was going to take a route PR 5, Yellowhead South Highway, 400 km to Kamloops via Tete Juane Cache. But the day before the ranger strongly recommended me to take another route driving on the Yellowhead highway 280km northeast to Prince George and from there take PR97 (Cariboo Highway) 540km due south to Kamloops. I made up my mind to take the latter route at once.

- The first route
- New Route



Leaving Emperor Ridge Campground, I drove to the west a few minutes along the Fraser River, when I got to the small simple Interchange between PR5 and PR 16. After passing PR5 I took off ramp to the Tete Juane Cache Town site. I had breakfast at a cozy café which was a little away from



highway PR16. Yellowhead Highway (PR16) runs down 270km gradually to Prince George along the Fraser River. The landscapes change dramatically gentle, mild, and sunny.

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The Fraser River starts at Yellowhead Pass (EL.1 146m), of the Continental Divide, and flows down seeing the Continental Divide to the north and Caribou Mountains ridge to the south. The gradient of the Fraser River is so gentle from Yellowhead Pass (EL.1.146km) to Prince George (EL.O.691km) as to be, $(1,146-0.691)/320=0.0014$. At Prince George the Fraser River flows into the vast Interior Plateau all of a sudden. The Rocky Mountains to the north, the Caribou Mountains to the east and the Coast Mountains to the west are seen far on the horizon.



The Fraser River flows northwest to Prince George and sharply changes its direction to due south 700 km to Hope City and there changes to west 150 km to Vancouver.

It was 11:30 a.m. that I got to the downtown of Prince George I called at the information center of tourism of Prince George. They had much information about the city but little about Interior Plateau.

I wanted to know if there were any ways to go south to Vancouver from any place on the Yellowhead Highway. They said nothing except ferries from Prince Rupert to Vancouver. I asked how much the fare was. They had no idea and recommend going to the next door, the branch office of the Federal bureau of Forestry.

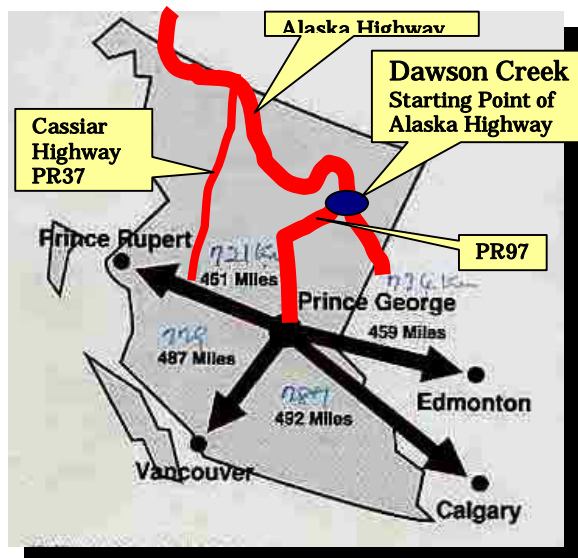
The receptionist of forestry office called the ferry company right away and told me that the fare would be about 350 Canadian dollars for one passenger car and two persons. Sorry to say I could afford neither the money enough for the 1000 km cruise of Inside Passage nor the time to drive Yellowhead Highway 750Kkm from Prince George to Prince Rupert.

I resolved never fail to do it next trip.

(1156)

Prince George

The location is very interesting. Look at the following drawing. My final destination of the trip to the North is ALASKA. Prince George is the most important point to go to Alaska Highway.



Since 1991, I had been to or back from Alaska about twenty times via Prince George. It had become one of my most favorite cities.

Vancouver is the enormous city (pop. more than 500,000), Victoria, Kamloops, Prince George, these three cities rank the second in British Columbia and have all just the same population (about 75,000).

The Fraser River flows down south on the boundary of the city and the

Nechako River flows east along the north boundary of the city into the Fraser River. PR16 (Yellowhead Highway) runs into the city crossing the Fraser River at this confluence point. Yellowhead Highway is called the First Avenue which is the main street of the city.

In a minute drive on the First Avenue, I got to the intersection to downtown where a lot of tall buildings were closely standing. Close to the downtown, there was a information center in the big building of Greater Prince George Visitor and Convention Bureau. I took ample time there to get information about Prince George, its neighborhood, where to pitch a tent etc. They gave me enough materials such as maps, guide books of the city, and a lot of brochures.



I decided to stop at Crystal Springs Campground near Lac la Hache Provincial Park, 420 Km south of Prince George. I drove on Caribou Highway (PR97) due south 360 Km along the Fraser River to William Lake and then turned to southeast to Lac la Hache on PR97. I got to the campground at 6:00 p.m.

As there were very few cars on the Yellowhead Highway and the Caribou Highway and both roads were well maintained as main highways, I could drive about 700 km in a day, and didn't feel weary in body and mind at all. After having kept diary, and had supper, I lay down sprawling on the bed in the tent.

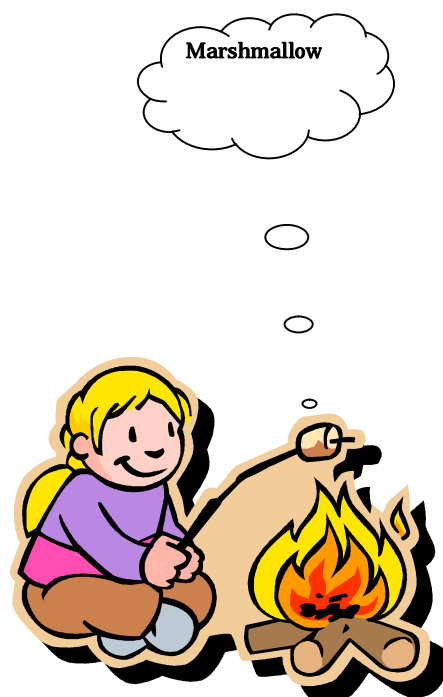
When I was about to fall into sleep, a neighbor came to my tent and invited me to her campfire. Of course I joined the campfire with delight.. There were seven persons already around the well burning firewood. They were two families, the members of the one were a couple and their three daughters (5, 7,10years old), and the other were an old man, her



grand daughter (I guessed to be a teenager) and their big black dog. All persons were strangers. We briefly introduced ourselves each other.

The couple were both teachers in US. They came by their camping car with chairs, built-up tables, three bicycles for children, bundles of firewood, utensil, foods etc...

The old man was a widower whose wife was killed by cancer lately and lived in Kamloops about 200Km south from Lac la Hache. His granddaughter was very tall but looked very young, might be a middle school girl. The dog was always sitting quiet beside his owner.



All were sitting on the chair around the campfire. Children were in high spirits, toasting something white with long twig on the flame. I didn't know what they were doing. I asked the youngest girl what she was toasting. She told me 'Marshmallow'.

I wondered at first but I vaguely had a sense that I understood. They did, like their ancestors did in the cliff dwellings long long ago.

This emotion might be caused by genetic- transmission of humankind.

(1158)

The Crystal Lake Campground was a fine name, but there were no facilities but Pit toilets and Dump. There were no water, no picnic tables, no fixed fire pit rings, no designated campsites. But the ground was large and all over the surface of wilderness was covered with bushes and shrubs. A few playgrounds were here and there and a lot of cycling trails for children were made in all directions.



This campground is public and might be managed by

Lac la Hache community as the multi-purpose recreation ground.

Wherever we can drive into the ground and pitch camp, a toll is not charged.

Children forgot themselves in toasting marshmallows as if they had been living in the antiquity and having a meal in wilderness.

We adult had a simple potluck party each bringing some food and drinks on the build up table. They seemed to be deeply interested in my trip and Japan. We were chatting and sitting up late and had a good time.

July 17th (Tuesday)

Though I sat up late the night before, I got up at five in high spirits. Motor homes of the two families were quiet. They were going to have vacations with their children for several days there. I said “good bye” to cars and started, southbound long way to Los Angeles.

The mileage indicator of my car indicated 6.805Km.

Driving down on the Cariboo highway to south in the vast Central Plateau I got to Trans Canada Highway at Cache Creek, via 108 Mile House, 100 Mile House, 93 Mile House, 70 Mile House.

I couldn't understand what a numeral meant.. I consulted a AAA map carefully. If we took Km for Mile, the numerals coincide exactly with the distance from Cache Creek.

From Cache Creek TCH1 runs east to Calgary via Kamloops, Revelstoke, Glacier, Yoho, Banff National Parks. All through the Highway is supposed to be a scenic road.

(1159)



At Canoe on TCH-1, I took PR97B to drop in at Bonnie's BIRCH GOLF again.

Bonnie and her younger daughter Natalie were at home and welcomed me and led to the front terrace to serve a cup of coffee and strawberry fresh from her vegetable field.

After a while, an old friend of hers came by a motor home on the way to the fishing resort "Mara Lake".

We had a chat for a while and I asked him to have his motor home showed to me.

He was very proud of his car designed by his own idea.

I wish I could have a trip with a simple motor home. I want a car only equipped with a drinking water tank, a refrigerator, propane bombs, a bed and a little roomy ware

space. The most indispensable instrument to have trips in summer is a refrigerator. I had to get at least a 2Kg block of ice every morning at the super markets or gas stations to prevent my foods from rotting.

I'm not sure but, the highest temperature in the trunk room might reach up to more than 60 degrees in summer. The block ice in the cool box completely melt away by early afternoon. The cube ices are out of the question. Gas stations in the remote countries, the block ices are often sold out.



Kamloops City lies at the confluence point of the North and the South Thompson Rivers, and also Yellowhead south and Coquihalla Highways meet there with TCH-1 here. The city had population about less 80.000, but one of the largest cities in British Columbia except Vancouver.

Kamloops was named after an Indian word *cumcloups*, or “the meeting of the waters.”

The City was divided into three by the deep valleys of the South and the North Thompson Rivers.

I was impressed by the geographic beautiful sceneries of the city

The city was supposed to be developed by gold rush of the 1860s, but it disappeared in 1860s. Since then the city was developed as a center of cattle and sheep ranching and agricultural orientation. (by AAA Tour book). The city seemed such a calm and rich community that I wanted to stay for a week or so.



Returning to the trip, I played golf by half round and said good bye to Bonnie and Natalie making a promise to see them next year again.

In fact, whenever I took Okanagan route to or from Alaska, I dropped in at Bonnie’s Birch Golf. In 2000 I had my wife go with me.

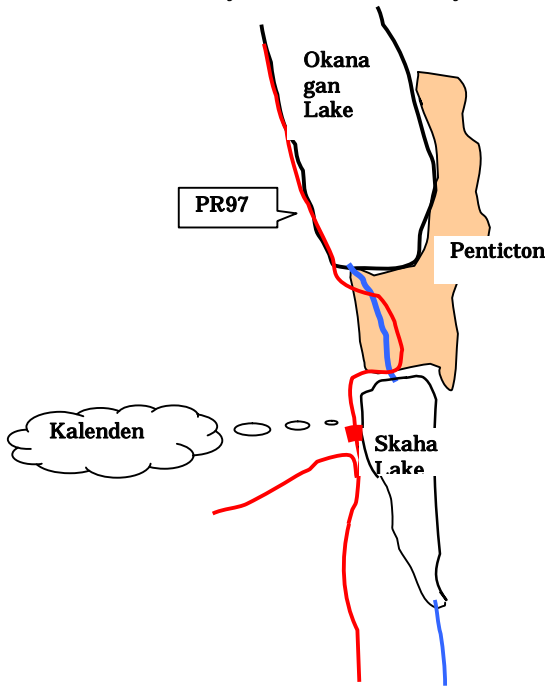
I drove down a long way nearly 100 Km along Okanagan Lake via rich cities, Vernon, Kelowna, Penticton to that day’s camp- ground.

Both east and west shores of the long Okanagan lake valley were cultivated as orchards. Here and there along



the highway 97, there were wide turnouts with big fruits shop and its wide parking lot.

Penticton was the first orchard in the Okanagan Valley and peaches seemed to be a staple of the area. Penticton was also the centers of the winery, fruit industry and lumber-related industries.



I pitched a tent Camp Along Resort Campground near the small community Kalenden (camp fee:13 dollars)

I went for supper to a cozy café in Kalenden. The café was busy with a lot of well-mannered guests and waitresses were neat and sunny. Atmosphere of the hall was relaxing. I took a little large portion of meal and had a rest for a while. It was nearly eight When I left there.

As I felt pretty weary, I fell into fast sleep at the same time when I lay down on the bed in my tent.

July 18th (Wednesday)



Driving on the PR 3A about 30Km southwest I got to PR3 at Keremeos. The section about 200Km of PR3 (Crowsnest Highway) from Keremeos to Hope was designated a scenic highway. The highway crosses over the Cascade Mountains at Allison Pass in the Manning Provincial recreation.

(1162)

Facing to the Pacific Ocean Cascade Mountains connected with grand Coast Mountains to the north, and with Sierra Nevada to the south. These mountains can be compared with the Rocky Mountains.

The highest peak in the Rocky Mountains is Mount Robson (3954 m). On the contrary, Coast Mountains connected from British Columbia down to California have the highest peak Mount Waddington (4042 m) which is highest in Canada and Mount Whitney (4392m) which is the highest in USA except Alaska..

The wet air carried by the warm current in the Pacific Ocean brought affluent rainfall on these Coast Mountains. The forests looked like tropic rainforests.

The scenic Crowsnest highway runs through these thick primeval rainforests and has one big provincial recreation area and four provincial parks. It's really scenic.



From Hope, I took TCH1 East, which was a divided, each two lane highway, for Vancouver along the Fraiser River. TCH1 West runs 190Km due north to Cache Creek, and turns to east 84 Km to Kamloops.

From Hope to directly to Kamloops, a new modern divided highway PR5 (Coquihalla Highway) was completed. This highway might be called TCH1 in near future. I always love old historical highways.



Hope is the junction of three trunk roads in British Columbia; TCH1 Fraser Canyon Highway, PR5 Coquihalla highway, and PR3 Crowsnest Highway. Then, TCH1 WEST always got choked.

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I was driving for about half an hour from Hope, when the big road sign of BRIDAL VEIL FALLS PROVINCIAL PARK over the lane came into my eyes.

I took off the ramp to get the Park access road which was a narrow country road. The road led me to a dark and silent parking lot in the dense woods, no cars, no visitors were there.

A steep and narrow road ascended from the parking lot to the Bridal Veil Falls for about one Km in the dense woods too.

The mountain torrent was narrow and deep. The woods around there were so tall and dense that the falls looked lonely. There were no facilities for visitors at all, even one of picnic table. It was difficult to find a place to set a tripod around the basin of the waterfall. It reminded me of the Fukuroda Falls which was far grander and far more beautiful.



I returned TCH1 nearly at eleven a.m. and hurried to Vancouver which had almost the same population of Omiya (525.000) and was virtually the center of the British Columbia Province.

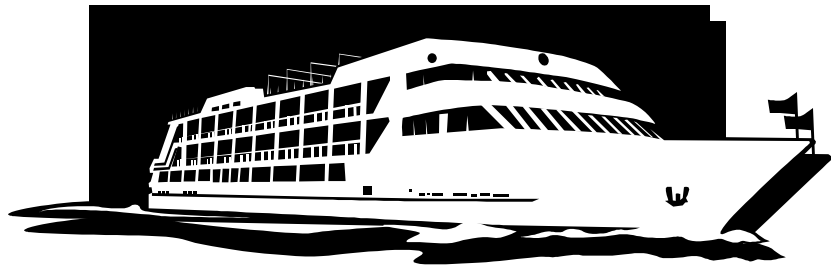
As I didn't like urban districts of the big city, I made it a rule to go through the freeway across the town site. TCH1 crosses over the Fraser River and goes into the Vancouver City which is about 40Km long from south to north and 30Km wide from east to west.



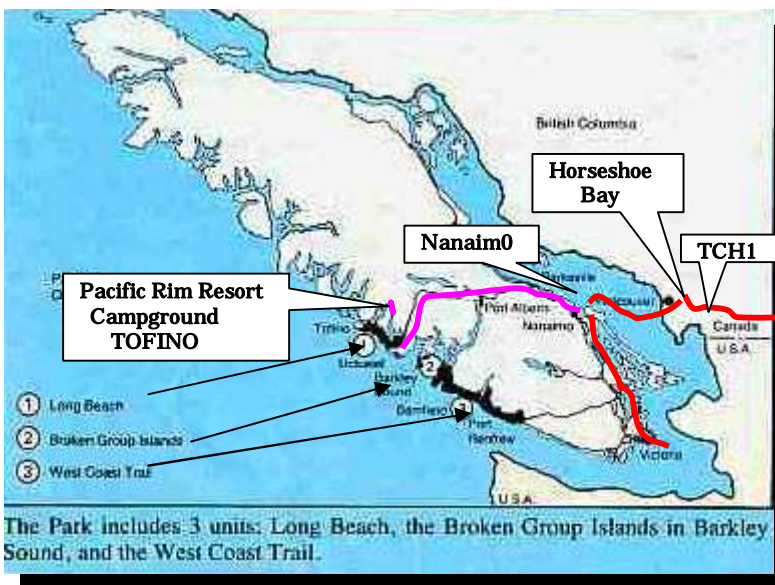
TCH1 runs on an elevated Freeway to the ferry boat terminal at Horseshoe Bay. It was a long way from the Fraser River Bridge of the city entrance to the ferry terminal seeing downtown skyscrapers to the left and crossing the Burrard Inlet by a long bridge. The freeway ran along the seashore for about 15 Km. Finally I found a large overhead road sign Horseshoe Bay to Nanaimo. Off ramp led me to the tch1 and directly into the ferryboat to Nanaimo.

(1 1 4 6)

TCH1 starts at Victoria in Vancouver Island which is the capital of the province of British Columbia and extends to the Pacific Ocean. The highway crosses over the wide Strait of Georgia from Nanaimo to the Horseshoe Bay by the gorgeous ferry boat.



I guessed that the ferry could be loaded with about 300 vehicles. The ferry belongs to TCH1, but a toll of 22.5 dollars is charged for a compact car.



I got to Nanaimo at 14:00, and Pacific Rim National Park, at 16:40. The Vancouver Island is known as a good summer resort in Canada. Pacific Rim National Park may be it's center.

As soon as I left the ferry, I headed 200Km east to Pacific Rim National Park and the Information Center to make sure my

Campsite, but in vain. The ranger said in the curt way there were no campsites left in the park without reservation. He left me for another visitor in a hurry. I really hit the ceiling for the first time in my trip to the north.

PACIFIC RIM RESORT
"B.C.'S BEST COAST"

SITE: 215

CAMPER:
PLACE THIS PORTION IN CAMPSITE HOLDER.
PLEASE REMOVE THIS PERMIT
WHEN YOU VACATE YOUR SITE

PLEASE NOTE:
THIS STUB MUST BE DISPLAYED ON YOUR SITE
BESIDE SITE NUMBER ON SITE SIGN. ALSO,
PLEASE BRING THIS STUB TO OFFICE TO RE-
BOOK SITE BEFORE 11 A.M. CHECK OUT TIME,
SORRY, NO REFUNDS. ALL SALES ARE FINAL.
WE CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR LOST OR
STOLEN ARTICLES. NOISE MUST BE KEPT TO A
MINIMUM BETWEEN 11 P.M. AND 7 A.M. ONLY
ONE VEHICLE PER SITE. IF SITE IS LEFT UN-
CLEAN, A CLEAN-UP FEE WILL BE CHARGED.

DO NOT LEAVE GARBAGE BAGS ON CAMPSITE

PACIFIC RIM RESORT
BOX 570, TOFINO, B.C., V0R 2Z0
TELEPHONE/FAX: (604) 725-3202

PAID TO	MON	TUES	WED
THURS	FRI	SAT	SUN

GUEST RECEIPT

I consulted the AAA map and found a few campground marks in a small community Tofino. There were five campgrounds, one big 500 sites, one middle 150 sites and three tiny less 50 sites. All campgrounds were Private. As I don't like anything large-scale, I started from small one, but every one had no vacancy. At last I could get a campsite in the biggest campground, "Pacific Rim Resort Campground". Almost all sites were occupied by large or small camping vehicles, and there were wide group camping areas and few tent sites.

(1165)

Private Campgrounds near Long Beach Unit of Pacific Rim National Park.. Tofino area, Northwest of Long Beach and Ucluelet area, southeast of Long Beach.

Commercial Campgrounds

The following campgrounds are operated outside the boundaries of the Long Beach Unit of Pacific Rim National Park. The Canadian Parks Service provides this listing for the convenience of visitors - it is not intended as a testimonial for the listed services. These 1990 Campground listings are arranged as they appear on the highway. Have a pleasant stay.

Tofino

PACIFIC RIM RESORT CAMPGROUND

Tel/Fax: 725-3202, Box 570, Tofino, B.C. V0R 2Z0. On Pacific Ocean, beach, 6.4 km (4 miles) south of Tofino. Water/sewer/power hookups, sani-station, hot showers, flush toilets, store/deli, rentals, ice, firewood, horseback riding, surfing, swimming, fishing, licensed restaurant. Pets on a leash. Group camping available/reservations required. Mastercard/Visa/Amex.

500 sites (2) \$12-16; add'l \$2 (under 10 free); water \$2; elec \$2; sewer \$2.

* CRYSTAL COVE BEACH RESORT

725-4213, Box 559, Tofino, B.C. V0R 2Z0. 3 km (2 miles) south of Tofino. On Pacific Ocean, freed & beach sites. Full/partial hookups, hot showers, flush toilets, firepits. Small pets on a leash.

67 sites (2) \$12-15; add'l \$2; elec \$2; sewer \$1; water \$1.

* TIN WIS CAMPGROUND

725-3402, Box 389, Tofino, B.C. V0R 2Z0 (Mar-Oct) 2 km (1 mile) south of Tofino. On Pacific Ocean, no hookups, washroom in complex, free hot showers, flush toilets, sports gym, restaurant, pay phone. No pets. Visa/Mastercard.

25 sites - \$8-\$15 per vehicle.

* MACKENZIE BEACH RESORT

725-3439, Box 12, Tofino, B.C. V0R 2Z0. 2 km (1 mile) south of Tofino. On MacKenzie Beach. Partial hookups, indoor pool & spa, boat charters. No Pets, Visa/Mastercard.

16 sites (2) \$12-15; add'l \$1-\$2; elec \$1; water \$1.

* BELLA PACIFICA RESORT & CAMPGROUND

725-3400, Tofino, B.C. V0R 2Z0. On MacKenzie Beach, ocean front and wilderness sites, full & partial hookups, hot showers, flush toilets, firepits, laundry, reservations, off season rates, small pets. Wheelchair accessible. CP nil. Group camping available/reservations required.

150 sites (2) \$16-19; add'l \$2; elec \$2; sewer \$2; water \$1.50.

Ucluelet

* UCLUELET CAMPGROUND

726-4355, Box 777, Ucluelet, B.C. V0R 3A0. Overlooking Ucluelet Harbour, walking distance to town centre. Open sites. Showers, full & partial hookups, flush toilets, boat rentals/charters, launch nearby. Pets on a leash. Wheelchair accessible. CP 10 days. Group camping available.

85 sites \$12-\$18 per vehicle.

* ISLAND WEST RESORT RV PARK & MARINA

726-7515, Box 32, Ucluelet, B.C. V0R 3A0 (Mar-Oct) Foot of Bay St., centre of town. Partial hookups, hot showers, flush toilets, sani-station, boat rentals/charters, launch, moorage, storage, ice, freezer, bait & tackle, fishing licences. CP 10 days. Pets on a leash.

35 sites \$12-\$18 per vehicle, Elec/sewer/water included.

**Denotes accommodation that has been approved by B.C. Tourism.*

APPROVED TOURIST ACCOMMODATION

Throughout British Columbia a blue "Approved Accommodation" sign or window decal is awarded to tourists accommodation to indicate that the Ministry of Tourism standards of courtesy, comfort and cleanliness have being met.

Each establishment carrying the sign or decal has been inspected by a representative of the Ministry of Tourism and approved for publication in this Guide.

Comments about accommodation facilities should be discussed with the manager of the establishment and then be directed to the Manager of Accommodation Services, Ministry of Tourism, 1117 Wharf Street, Victoria, B.C. V8W 2Z2.

CAMPGROUNDS LISTED ARE NOT NATIONAL PARK CAMPGROUNDS.

Prices are subject to change.

In USA and Canada, Private Campgrounds have nearly 90 percent sites for recreational vehicles. We often see "x x RV PARK". Every RV site has normally full hook up; electricity, water, propane, and sewage. In the RV ground, there are all kinds of visitor facilities equipped. Though it might be convenient and comfortable, I would rather not want too much service. Some retired people sold his land and home, and bought

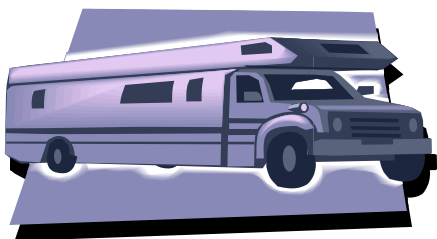


a custom ordered motor home, or trailer home as its portable residence and went round motor home villages or RV Parks.

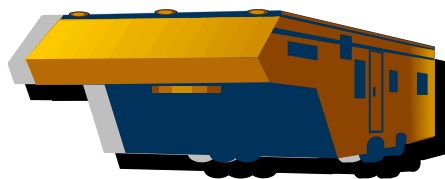
Almost all RV Parks have also a well maintained lawn field with picnic tables set up here and there, for a few tent campers. When I couldn't find a campsite in the public campground, I occasionally pitched a tent in the private RV Park,

The Vancouver Island as well as Pacific Rim National Park was full of people and cars, because this island was a summer resort, near Vancouver and Victoria. What were the people like? They were so busy and pretty excited. Everything seemed man-made, not natural. Everything came into my sight was sophisticated. I like quiet natural circumstances. I thought I wouldn't come there again in hot season.

Pacific Rim Resort campground had 500 sites and was the biggest around Tofino Village which laid outside northwest border of the national Park.. I wonder why it wasn't listed in the AAA camp book.. I couldn't remember the location clearly at that time.



Recreation Vehicle



RV-Trailer



Small RV trailer

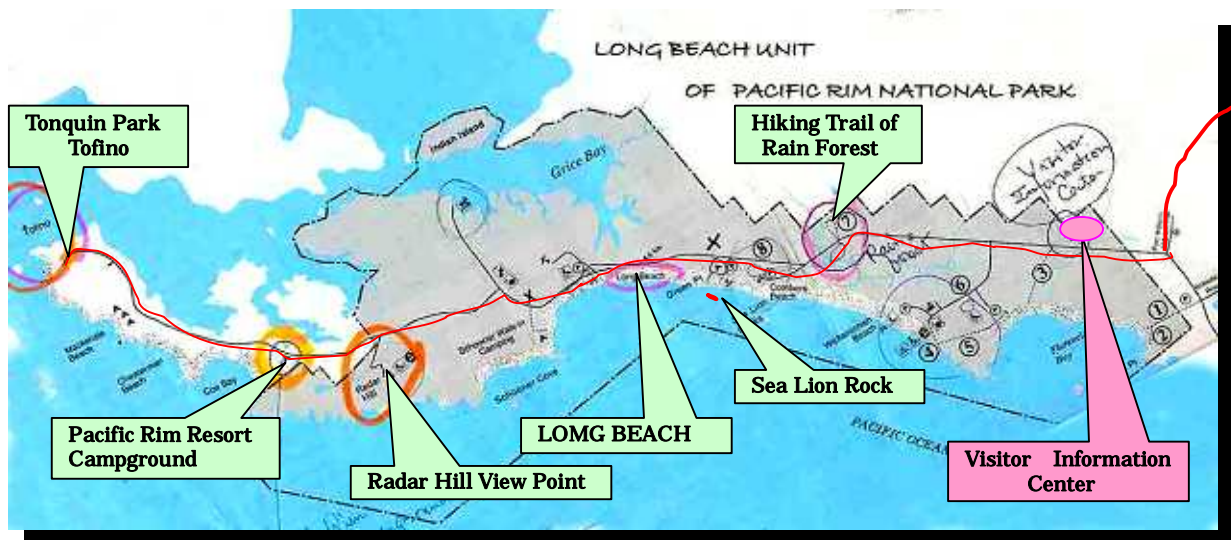
(1167)

July 19th (Thursday)

If I was asked what Vancouver Island was like, I might be unable to say my impression in a word. It might be a good summer resort but I felt too noisy.

Leaving the Pacific Rim Resort Campground at 07:55 p.m., I went to Tofino where I looked for a campsite here and there, the day before. Tofino was northwest end of the cape and there was a small quiet park named Tonquin Park which lay ashore of Pacific Ocean. White Sands, Blue Ocean, Green Forest they made as if a terrific scenery of a tropic.

I went back and entered into the Long Beach Unit of the Pacific Rim National Park through the northwest entrance. There was Radar Hill View Point about 100 steps of stone stairs, the view was nice around 360 degrees. But to my surprise, more than a hundred meter sturdy boardwalk was built from the parking lot to the view point for the disabled.



In Canada as well as US, considerations for the handicapped were perfect in comparison with in Japan. The handicapped persons can enjoy everywhere normal persons can get to.



Sea Lion Rock lies one kilometer off Long Beach, a lot of sea lions were seen and whales were watched moving down from Arctic Ocean along the shore of the Pacific Ocean to the south to their favorite breeding lagoons in Baja California Peninsula. Though I couldn't have an opportunity to watch whales, I saw a movie of the ecological system of whales at the information center. (1168)

I left the Long Beach Unit of the Pacific Rim NP at 14:30 for Nanaimo, and drove PR4 about 200Km through the primeval forest east to TCH-1. It was a little late at 17:00 p.m. that I got TCH-1 and drove south 53 Km. A signboard "Duncan South Campground" came into my eyes at a distance from the highway. As it was rather getting late, I made up my mind to stop there at that night.



The Campground was made in the private land, very close to downtown Duncan and the lot of ground was pretty wide (about 2 acres, 2500 tubo), and there planted fruit trees here and there.

The owner of the camp ground might be an old retired couple, their residence was two-storied cozy one and front yard was planted some fruit trees here and there. The lawn was neatly mowed. They made good use of the lawn yard as a RV

sites or campsites to make daily income in cash.

In fact, there were only two or three RVs there. I drove into the lawn yard and I could pitch a tent wherever I wanted. All the owner did was write a receipt. There were few visitor facilities, water taps, a sewage, some portable tables and chairs and some flush toilets.

Campsite fee was only 10 dollars.

July 20th (Friday)

Got up at 6:50 a.m., left campground at 8:00 a.m.

I drove on TCH-1 just 60Km from Duncan to Victoria, the capital of the province of British Columbia. TCH-1 was the only one highway to get to Victoria by land, except by sea or by air. Nevertheless, the highway was a narrow single lane road which ran throughout the dense primeval forest along the sea shore of the Strait of Georgia to Victoria. The sceneries of the dense primeval forest along the TCH-1 reminded me of the Mariposa Grove in Yosemite National Park.

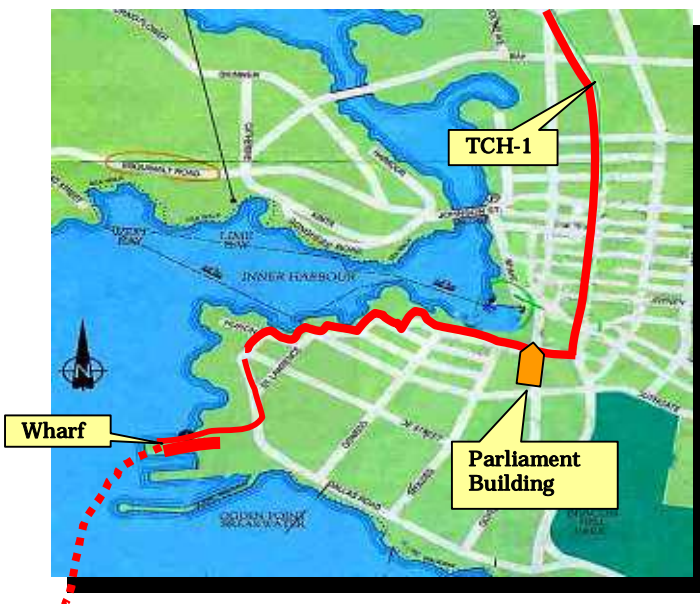
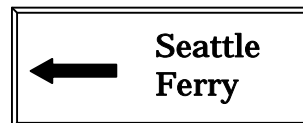
The city of Victoria was so small that it was an about ten minute drive from the west border to the civic center. Downtown Victoria was neatly arranged and beautifully maintained. Streets and buildings were not such gorgeous, but had a remarkable character.

(1169)

The most wonderful point was around the intersection of Government St. and Belleville St. There were classical Parliament buildings, the gothic Empress Hotel Building, modern building of Royal British Columbia Museum, Victoria Princess Hotel etc. I hurried to the wharf of BC Stena Line where the ferry left for Seattle. Although I drove just through the downtown Victoria, I thought Victoria City might be one of the calmest and the most beautiful cities in the world. I made up my mind to come Victoria again



Small street road signs led me from the front gate of Parliament Building on Belleville St. to the wharf, repeating left turn and right turn about ten times. I



could get to the ticket office of the BC Stena Line without losing my way at 10:30 a.m. The fare was 45 dollars for one car and one adult.. Departure time was 13:00 p.m.. and arrival time at Broad Street, Seattle was 18:10 p.m..

(1170)



As it was the last day of my trip in Canada, and, I had about two hours free time before boarding and I had about 250 Canadian dollars by traveler's check and cash in my purse, I wanted to change them into souvenirs. I hurried to the Government Street and the neighborhood in downtown. I used up all of my Canadian money.

After using up my money, I sprawled on the beautifully mowed wide lawn in front of the Parliament Building. Then three girls came to me with smile saying "Konnichiha". I thought they were tour guests from Japan but not, they became acquainted with each other in Vancouver and was working for different restaurants or something as working holiday. They looked well and seemed to have freshness of young girls. We had a chat for a little while and parted from each other. I hurried to Ogden Point Pier B where my ferry would depart.

In front of the loading mouth of the ferry boat, a large number of cars were parking making many rows of different kinds of vehicles, heavy trailer trucks, heavy duty tracks, long tour buses, large motor homes and passenger cars. Every car was loaded due to tidal conditions, size of vehicle or other conditions by the instruction of the veteran crew. The ferry seemed to be full of passengers and cars.

I fortunately could take a comfortable sofa in the front lounge of the top floor. I enjoyed the crousing on the calm Puget Sound which was seen long and narrow on the map. Both east and west lands were seen in

the distant horizon.



(1171)

The ferry arrived at the pier 70th in front of the Space Needle Tower in Seattle Center and directly connected with Board Street which led to the famous historic highway 99 (Aurora Avenue) and Interstate highway-1 (I-5) within a few minutes drive. I preferred the Route 99 to I-5.

As it was getting rather late, and I had to find campground in the outskirt of Seattle City, I hurried on the route 99 to north looking for the sign of campground.

I finally found campground at Mt. Vernon, about 60miles north from the Pier70, at 21:00 p.m. (Now that I was in the US again, the odometer indicated in mile, 60 miles is about 100 Km.)

I got off I-5 Interchange 221 and took on SR536 one mile northwest.. I found and registered a campsite in RIVERBEND RV PARK..

The facility was pretty large, RV 44, T15.

RV sites were almost full but some tent sites were left vacant.

The fee was 9.70 dollars including the tax.

RIVERBEND RV PARK
 305 West Stewart Road
 Mount Vernon, WA 98273
 Phone (206) 428-4044

NAME Kichiro Kusamegi
 ADDRESS Tokyo, Japan
 CITY & STATE _____ ZIP _____
 CAR LICENSE NO 1E12 979 STATE Cal
 MAKE NISSAN YEAR 82

CHECK Out Other _____

UNIT LICENSE NO _____ STATE _____
 NO. PERSONS - ADULTS 1 DATE IN 7-20-90
 CHILDREN 0 DATE OUT 7-21-90
 NO. OF DAYS 1 9.00

We reserve the right to refuse service to anyone and will not be responsible for accidents or injury to our guests or for loss of money or valuables of any kind.

Reason Here

Repeat	
Friend	
Directory	
Camp Show	
Road Sign	
Other	

CAMPING CHARGE 10.00
 EXTRA PERSONS \$ _____
 TAX 4.70
 TOTAL CHARGES \$ _____
 ADVANCE DEPOSIT \$ _____
 BALANCE PAID 9.70

SITE NO. Tent
 Paid By Cash Check Credit Card
 CLERK RK

FORM #802 FINANCIAL SERVICE CO., P.O. BOX 220, BONDURANT, WA 98006



July 21st (Saturday)

Waking up at six. Everything in the open air got wet with morning dew, of course my dome tent too . I put off the starting time until the tent was dried up by the sun shine.



Mount Vernon was supposed to be the largest commercial bulb growing region in the USA. Daffodils,

Tulips, Irises etc. (1172)

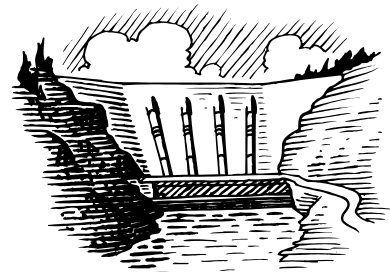
This day's destination was North Cascade National Park. It located about 90 Km east of Mount Vernon through SR20



SR 20 runs along the Skagit River and through the scenic highway of Ross Lake National Recreation Area from Burlington to Ross Lake.

AAA tour book says “The entire complex, which centers on the source of Seattle’s electricity supply lies within the Ross Lake National Recreation Area”.

As I knew nothing about North Cascade National Park at all, much less about Ross Lake National Recreation Area, I made up my mind to drop in at these two power generating facilities. Ross, Diablo and Gorge Lakes are formed by Ross, Diablo and Gorge Dams on the Skagit River. At first I visited Diablo Dam which was built by damming the Skagit River. Large building of the power plant and attached facilities were built close below the dam. Beside the facilities, there was a wide flat ground which was used for constructions of the plant in the narrow forested valley. After the completion of the plant the ground was beautifully designed to be a dam resort. There was a tour center in Diablo. I wanted to join the 4 hour Ross Dam Tour which include a video presentation, a ride on the antique railway lift, a boat cruise on Diablo Lake and a tour of the massive power generating facilities followed by an all-you-can-eat family-style lunch.



As the tour started at 11:00 a.m. I couldn't join the tour, at that time it was 11:30 and the tour had already started at 11:00. But visitors could have Self-guided tour except a tour of the power generating facilities, a ride on the inclined railway lift, a boat cruise on the Diablo Lake. In short, we could do nothing but walk around the beautiful resort ground. At least I wanted to have "an all-you-can-eat family-style lunch".

I went back a few miles on SR20 to Ross Lake National Recreation Area, Colonial Creek Campground (tent 63, T/RV 100) near Newhalem. Tent sites were on the beautifully maintained and mowed ground, and I enjoyed a good dream on a comfortable bed. Campsite fee was only 5 dollars.



July 22nd (Sunday)



I got up at 6:00. I struck my tent in a hurry.

Though I wanted to join another Ross Dam Tour, the starting time of the two hour tour was at 01:00 in the afternoon and it was about to rain, I couldn't help giving up the tour.

I left Colonial Creek Campground for the next destination, Mt. Rainier National Park

- SR20 60 miles
- SR153 31 miles
- Federal 97 164 mil.
- SR140 70 miles

Total mileage 251 miles (418km) was pretty long, but easy drive.

(1174)

Ross Lake was formed by Ross Dam on the Skagit River to supply Seattle with electricity. Surrounding valley was thickly forested with big lodge pole pines or something. The Lake stretches about 20 miles long to due north to the border of US and Canada and a little into BC, Canada. The water was clear blue green gushed from glaciers of the Cascade Range.



Spectacular scenery from the view point beside the by road of SR20

Driving about 60km from Colonial, Campground I got to Winthrop a small village, on highway RS20 reminded me of the Western cowboy Cinema. A colorful main street with rows of false-fronted buildings, wooden sidewalks, and old fashioned streetlights seemed the Old West themselves. I dropped in at an old fashioned bar like café and took a coffee break.

The odometer indicated 8.000 miles from the start at Los Angeles.



In a few minute drive I got to RS153 junction, and, it led me to US Federal 97 which ran along the Columbia River. (1175)

From Washington Pass (5477ft) on SR20 ,the highway descended on the scenic route along the Methow River to US97 at a stretch. The sceneries around there had become moderate.



Meandering COLUMBIA RIVER (SR153 junction on US97)



Scenery seen from Chelan Dam to Columbia River

5 miles up stream from Chelan to Wenatchee, US97 runs 40 miles both on the east bank and the west bank. The west bank of the Columbia River bounds Cascade Range.

(1176)

I drove from Wenatchee via Ellensburg to Yakima on US 97 around the foothill of Cascade Range, it was relaxing and easy drive, but a little monotonous. Great Plains between Cascade Mountains and Rocky Mountains were



Cultivated plains



Desert plains

surprisingly developed to the farming lands for crops, orchards, vineyards, pasture lands for cattle etc. They were probably irrigated by the long and massive Columbia River. And there were still vast desert, arid lands, and prairies left untouched.



At Yakima I took SR410 about 70 miles west to Mt. Rainier National Park. Mt. Rainier is noted for the graceful shape like Mt. Fuji. Old Japanese emigrants to Washington State called it "Tacoma Fuji" remembering their far home country.

All the highways crossing the Cascade Range from west to east were nominated scenic highways. They all connect Interstate

5 and US97, from north to south, SR20, US2, Interstate 90, SR 410 and US12. The photograph (left) was taken on the thickly forested SR410.

I got to Sunrise Visitor Center at 17:30 and hurried to the campground just south of visitor center. I was so lucky that I was able to register a campsite in the White River Campground upon my arrival. I thought it was because of Sunday afternoon. White River Campground was in the thick primeval rainforest on the bank of White River, but we'd be able to get there by an only 70 mile drive from Seattle.

(1177)



I think the total population of three big cities Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia and their vicinities probably amounts to much more than a million.

I was envious of the people who were able to come to such a thick primeval rain forests within an hour drive or so. SR 410 runs along the particular scenic right bank of the White River.

Though I'd never driven on SR410, judging from the map, I imagined I would be able to drive looking at the graceful ice-clad TACOMA FUJI all through the highway.

It's not an extinct volcano, but dormant and is supposed to be exploding, much like recently awakened Mount St. Helens.

The Sunrise Visitor Center Building was fresh from completion and three storied concentric circular floors, on the first floor were an information office, a museum and a shop, on the second was a 360 all round lookout and a café a souvenir shop etc, and on the third was a 360 all round lookout floor. The visitor center was nearly in the forest limit (2.000m), and so it could command a grand view.



Tacoma FUJI and newly built Sunshine Visitor center

July 23rd (Monday)

I got up at 6:00 and left Campground for visitor center at 7:00. The center was not opened yet. I parked my car alone in the wide parking lot, and made an ascent of an hour hike in the alpine meadows of wildflowers. There were unmelted snows seen here and there and pretty small lilies were in full bloom around the trail. And in the distance, I could see many nearly 3.000m class peaks in the Cascade Range to the north.

On the trail I had suddenly caught stomachache. I thought it might be caused by low temperature and mountain altitude sickness.

I went back to my car, reclined the seat, turned the heater on and took a short rest. I got well after a while.

I left Sunshine Visitor Center for Paradise Visitor Center which was on the plant limit due south of the highest peak of Mount Rainier.



Mount Rainier
4366m



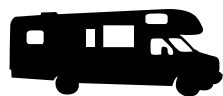
Mount Fuji
3776m

Glacier of 34 square miles of Mount Rainier was said to be the largest for a single peak mountain in the USA except Alaska State and it had 26 glaciers.

In comparison with Mount Fuji, Mount Rainier is higher than 590m in altitude and about 15 degrees higher in latitude, then neither glacier nor snow are seen on Mount Fuji in summer.

Up to the elevation of visitor center forests covered the mountainsides, I went round the alpine meadows of wildflowers at higher elevation near visitor center. They were fresh, pretty and in full bloom.

When I was sitting on the bench beside the trail to take a rest, an old gentleman talked to me in fluent Japanese. He had lived in Kobe as a teacher or something for years in his youth. He asked me about late Japanese circumstances, as though he were enjoying his Japanese which was far better than my English. He sat down on the bench beside me.



We talked about national parks and monuments where I had just visited this year for about quarter an hour. He took me to his big motor home in which his wife was doing housework and served me a cup of coffee. She explained proudly the specifications of their custom made motor home. Furniture, utensils and interior design were very functional, strong and practical.

(1179)

I knew to design their motor home was compared to designing their own house, they deliberated every specification over and over again consulting motor home maker, taking their enough time. There were some people who sold his land and house, and bought a motor home instead after retirement.

He spoke to me in Japanese and she spoke to me in English, while I spoke both English and Japanese. We had a relaxing and friendly chat for some time. She made me pan-cake for lunch. I had really an impressive good time. Thanking from the bottom of my heart for their hospitality, I said good bye to them.

I went hiking in the alpine meadows of wildflowers from Visitor Center to glacier end through forest limit and vegetable limit. The meadows were carefully protected by rangers. It was strictly prohibited to step out from the trail even if in case of taking photographs



Indian Paint Brush



Wild sweet pea



Daffodils



Wild Lupine

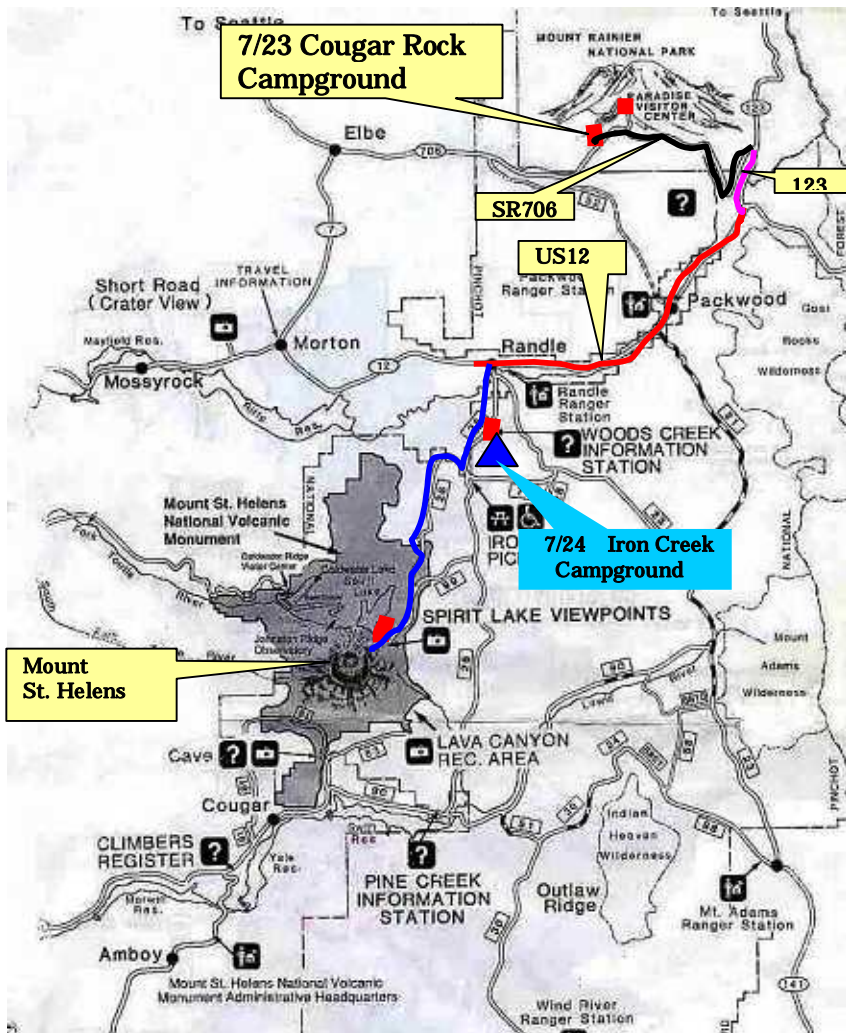
The wildflowers in the alpine meadows seemed to be a little cared by man power. They were not perfectly in natural condition.

I took many photographs of them but there was nothing worth exhibiting in the photo-show. It was not the matter of objects but my poor skill. As for framing, exposure, focusing and lighting, always one or two things were wrong. I was deeply depressed.

Though in 1989 and 1990, my prime target of photograph was wildflowers, I resolved to change target from wildflowers to landscapes. Since 1991 I haven t rarely taken photographs of flowers.

I smoothly registered at Cougar Rock Campground about 7 miles southwest of Paradise Visitor Center. The campground was pretty large (200 sites), in the thick and dark forest. To gather dead trees in the campground was permitted there. As I felt weary in the evening I didn t make fire. I took a simple supper and had a sleep in the tent.

July 24th (Tuesday)



I had a fast sleep the night before, I woke up early at 04:30. After washing my face, I wrote to my friends and family under the lantern in the tent. I always felt in the tent as if I were in my study at home. It was easy and relaxing to be in the tent compared with motel or hotel.

I left Cougar Rock Campground for Mount St. Helens National Volcanic Monument at 7:20 by way of SR 706 ten miles east to SR123, then 6 miles due south to SR 12, and then 25 miles to the west to Randle.

From Randle I took Forest Road 25, 26, and 99 for 36 miles to Windy Ridge.
Quote from the AAA Tourbook ;

Mount St. Helens National Volcanic Monument covering 110,000 acres contains the volcano and the surrounding area devastated by the 1980 eruption. Until 8:32 a.m. May 18, 1980, Mount St. Helens was one of Washington's snowcapped crown jewels. Spirit Lake, at its northern base, was a primary recreation center. The surrounding hills of the Gifford Pinchot National Forest beckoned hikers and outdoor enthusiasts as well as loggers whose livelihoods are selling timbers are provided. At 8:32 p.m. an explosion of incredible force blew the top 1,313 feet and much of the bulging north face off Mount St. Helens, shot a dense plume of smoke and ash 80,000 feet into the air and released a mile-wide avalanche that raised Spirit Lake by more than 200 feet and laid over forests as if they had been combed.

The explosion broke out in 1980 and I visited there only ten years after, in 1990.



Crater Ridge of Mount Helens



Devastated surrounding hills



Devastated Surrounding Hills



Forest Road to Windy Ridge View Point
(1182)

I had breakfast at a cozy café at Packwood on US12 (about 09 a.m.). There were a fat landlady and a cheerful hostess. The atmosphere in the hall made me at home. They seemed to be mother and daughter. They were friendly and talkative. I thought them the best teachers to take lessons in English conversations at first sight. The Destination On that day Mount St. Helens, which was less than two hour drive from here (a 60 mile drive). Then I had time to do something instructive.



I ordered three stuck pan cake with ample butter, maple syrup and coffee, to begin with. And I asked them to let me use a table to write a diary, post cards, to consult a map spreading wide on the table, for some time. They willingly gave me OK

The cheerful waitress brought me with a smile some 7 inch in diameter beautifully baked pan cake, 1 inch total thickness in three stuck with a large mug of maple syrup and half pound of butter. I involuntarily shouted "It's great, Thank you". She said "You are welcome". To the landlady beyond the counter, I shook hand and nodded. She smiled and winked her eye. The breakfast was pretty large portion for my stomach. I managed to eat up. The waitress came and served another cup of American, and asked "Would you like anything else?". I said "Oh, no, Thank you. That's enough."

Asking their favor, I moved another table to do my work, wrote a diary, post cards of Mount Rainier and Mt. St. Helens which I bought from picture card stand situated at the entrance of the café.

I asked the waitress if the post stamps were available at the café, but it was not. I asked her to let me the location of the post office. She told me slowly and clearly word by word with gestures. I could understand, but I asked over and over again. I finally asked her to draw the map of route on my notebook. She was upset with bewilderment, then I drew a map as fluently as she said. "Why, that's great" said with an exaggerated look and took it to the landlady.

We became friendly each other through conversation. I spoke straight forwardly about my itinerary of the trip of that summer and the next trip. I could really have a practical English lesson. I had a good time. I tipped the waitress for pan cake and put enough money for table charge.

(1183)

I had to drop in at the post office of Randle to get postage stamps for picture cards written at Cougar Rock Campground and at the cozy café in Packwood, and drop them into a mailbox. I drove on highway US12 slowly remembering the map drawn at café. The map was exactly correct; I could find the Stars and Stripes on the top of a tall pole at a distance from the junction to Mt. St. Helens. Under the flag, there was a small post office like a hut.



From Randle, I took Forest Road 25 (FR25) 9 miles, then FR26 17 miles and then FR99 8 miles to the destination, Windy Ridge which was the best view point in the completely devastated Mount St. Helens. FR99 ended at Windy Ridge Parking lot, from there a steep trail ascended about 100m in zigzags to the view point.



I could see nothing but death at the distance by a glance. As eleven years had passed since the eruption, I could see many green grasses and young trees were coming up. After a hundred years, this devastated Mount St. Helens would certainly revive to the young lively mountain.

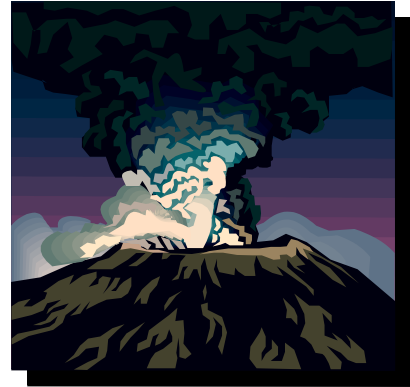


Mount St. Helens National Monument is under the administration of USDA the Forest Service. The revival of the Mount St. Helens is minutely observed from many aspects, botanical, biological, geologic, seismologic, meteorological ecological etc. Researches will be continued for more than hundred years by Forest Service.

(1184)

I drove on the narrow gravel road about 7 miles to Rock Tower Campground. The road was so narrow that the turnout was made every 4-500m. I managed to get there, but the campground was closed. I returned right away and went to Iron Creek campground which was beside the FR25 and in the thickly vegetated forest. As the weather was going worse, I pitched my tent under the big flourishing tree to prevent the tent from getting wet. It was the good judging, the tent didn't get wet in spite of pretty heavy rain. The environments of Campgrounds built by the USDA Forest Service were, I felt, far more natural than those built by the National Park Service. The facilities were simple and the fee was cheap (5dollars). I'd rather prefer the former to the latter.

Although I saw many ruins caused by eruption in the volcanic country Japan. I was deeply impressed by the enormous forces of eruption of a volcano. Nature is ever great



July 25th (Wednesday)

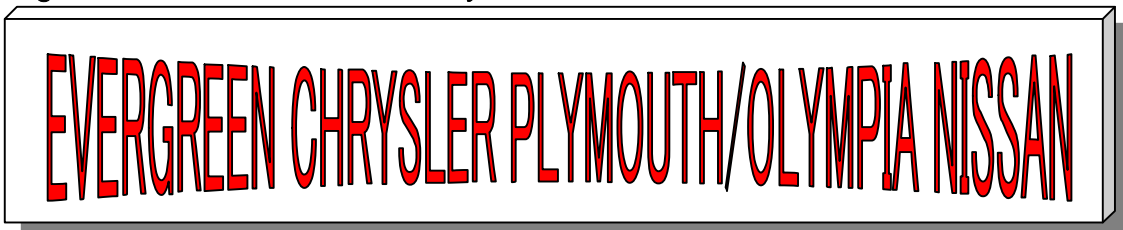
I got up at 06:00. It had been a light rain since the night before. I left campground and I was likely to take a wrong way, due to the dark twilight the thick forest to the narrow forest road. I drove in a labyrinth for a while. That made me mad. No one naturally could be found along the forest road in the primeval thick forest. Soon the road came to an end. I consulted the map, I knew I took a wrong road from the start. Returning on the same road, I felt slightly something wrong with my brake. Anyway I managed to get to Randle on US12 at 07:35. I had breakfast and filled up fuel tank with regular unleaded at the gas station

I took US12 due west 50 miles to the Intestate Highway 5 (I-5) and 30 miles due north to Olympia, Capital of Washington State. Without stopping in at the Town center of Olympia City, I drove into US101 north.

After a short time drive I felt something wrong wit the brake system. The brake troubles are fatal. I took off ramp at the next interchange, 35miles north from Olympic and drove into the gas station border on the interchange, Hoodsport. A mechanic took my car on the pit and checked. He told me that almost all brake shoes were worn away and the replacement shoes of Nissan were not available there. As two days were needed to get the parts, It was best to go back to Nissan dealer in Olympic, he said.

(1185)

I begged the mechanic to draw a map from the I-5 Interchange of Olympic to the Nissan Motor Dealer in Olympic City. He kindly managed to draw a map. Though the map was extremely poor, but no faults could be seen. I got to the right industrial park.. There could be seen many automobile dealer's big sign boards, such as GM, Ford, Chrysler, Toyota, Honda etc , but I could not find the sign board of Nissan dealer. I went to the office of Toyota Dealer and asked. Nissan dealer's office and garages were in the site of Chrysler Dealer.



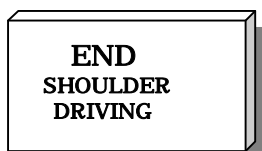
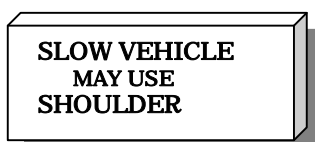
NISSAN DEALER'S SIGN BOARD

Explaining my situation, I asked the receptionist to have my car repaired within that day. Mechanics of the garage kindly made it done. All shoes were worn away, some shoes were no shoes and shoe holder metal to the brake disc metal contact. I might have run into another car from behind.



They charged me 283.33 dollars for it. It was an unexpected expenditure for me. It was equal to my seven day's budget. I was pretty depressed.

As it was rather late (about at six) when the replacement of brake shoes was over, I asked the mechanic to show me the nearest campground. He recommended Potlatch State Park on US101 north 25 miles from Olympia. US101 is the oldest historic highway from San Diego, California about 1500 miles(2500km) to Olympia, Washington closely along the Pacific Coast.

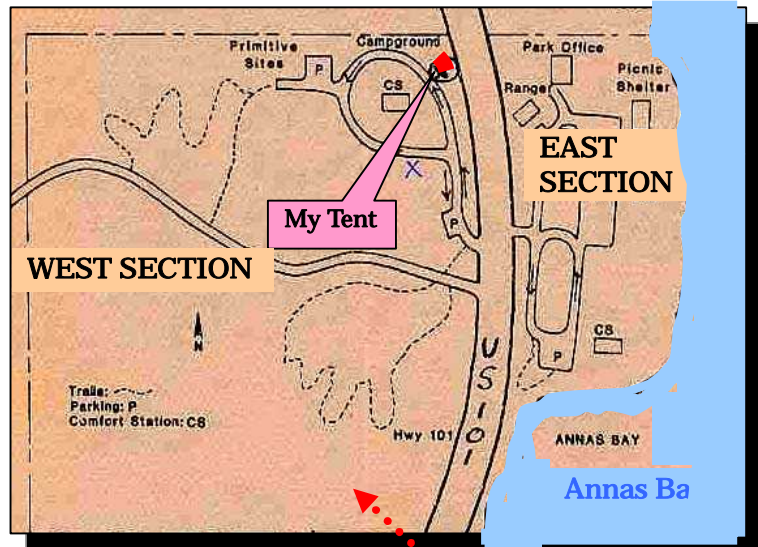


Interesting Signboard on US12

(1186)

July 26th (Thursday)

Potlatch State Park was situated both sides on US101, the east side, between US101 and shore of Annas Bay was picnic area, the west side close to the US 101 was campground in the primeval forest.. When I pitched a tent the night before, I didn't know where it was located. I was woken up early in the morning by the terrible noise of heavy duty vehicles running close to my tent site . I got up and looked around, I saw, to my surprise, the elevated shoulder of US101 about 20m through the primeval forest..



Before starting I opened engine cover, I checked the oil level gauge, water level of radiator, level of brake fluid. I left Potlatch campground for Olympic National Park by US101 in the early morning. I wanted to drop in at the gas station in Hoodspport where I had my brake checked kindly the day before, to have my car fixed. Gas pumps were opened but garage wasn't opened yet.



US101 is still a main artery ranked with Interstate Highway I-5 from San Diego, southernmost California, to Seattle, Washington. In the urban districts US101 was an elevated grand freeway. But, in the rural districts, its character diminished much. Following road signs were not seen on the Interstate Highways:

ABRUPT
LANE EDGE

PASS
WITH CARE

DON'T
PASS

I was driving on US101 South for about 35 miles, it was strange that I was driving northward.

On the way to Port Angeles I saw here and there the beautiful flowers of Wild Sweet Pea grew gregariously in crowds.

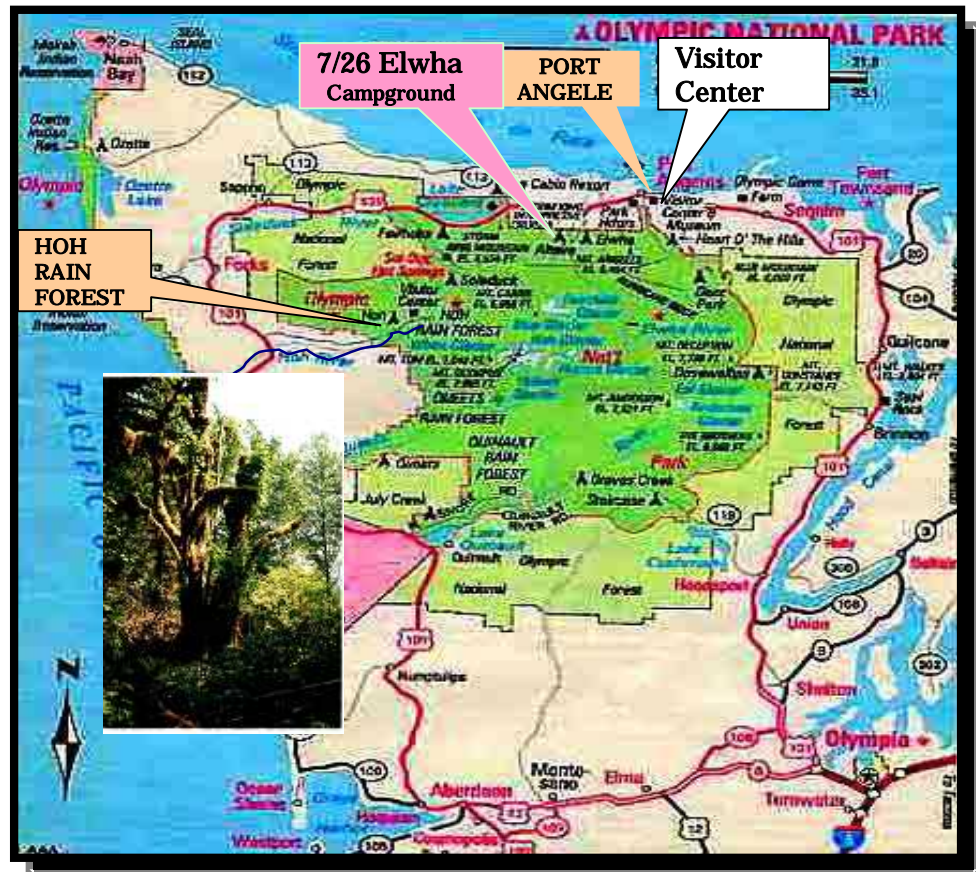
(1187)

OLIMPIC NATIONAL PARK

Olympic National Park can be reached via US101, which forms an inverted U shape around the park.

There are about 10 entrance gates.

The main gate is Port Angeles. There are Park Headquarter Visitor Info. Center and Pioneer Memorial Museum. We can get every informat- ion there.



I went to Visitor Information center at first to get what to see, where to go and where to pitch a tent. Seeing the slide program in the small theater I stood in front of the information counter. A Chinese young woman ranger who took me for one of Chinese visitors answered to me. Whenever I asked her something, she answered me with a lot of brochures and maps. I took ample time there (09:00 11:00am). When I asked about the weather in this area in the afternoon of that day, she had no idea. Because of changeable weather. The area is famous for its large amount of precipitation.

Hurricane Ridge, more than 5200 feet above sea level is accessible via Hurricane Ridge Road only 17 miles from the Visitor Center. As I drove up to the ridge, it cleared up and striking views of the Olympic Mountains showed up to the south and to the north Vancouver Island beyond the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Nature trails wound through the subalpine meadows where wildflowers bloomed at their best

(1188)

I went for a walk in the beautiful subalpine meadows on the paved trails for wheelchair. I took a light meal at cafeteria and bought some souvenirs at the gift shop.

I drove down to the town site of Port Angeles and bought some food (5.60 dollars) and 10 rolls of photo film, Ektor Chrome 125 (59.18 dollars). Six miles west of Port Angeles on US 101, turned left into the Elwha Valley area of the park. Five miles up the valley is Ranger Station and Altaire Campgrounds. Two campgrounds were situated side by side part from only one kilometer. I got to the Elwha Campground which was a little nearer to US101 at 17:00 p.m.

I was pitching my tent at my site, when a sunny boy who was perhaps of lower grades of elementary school, came to my site riding on his bicycle. He talked to me loudly but so fast that I could hardly understand. Every time he pedaled his bicycle round the loop way of the campground, he shouted. I asked him to come along to my site. He came into my site with deep interests speaking something like a toy machine gun. I told him that I was a foreigner from Japan and I knew little of your language as you couldn't hear or speak Japanese language, but if you could speak slowly one word by one word, I was sure I would be able to understand all what you said. "Please speak like this. Where...are...you....from? Whereare.... you....going?" Suddenly he became mute with bewilderment. He could answer but he couldn't speak to me fluently, he stammered. He said "You....Speak....good.....English" I replied "thank you. I....Could....understand.....completely..... what...you...said". We became familiar with each other soon



I heard, maybe his mother's voice, "Come along Boy, right away, dinner's ready".

July 27th (Friday)

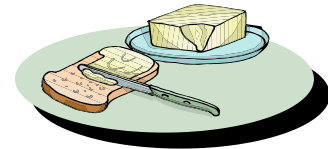
I got up at 05:50 and left Elwha Campground at 06:45 for the tiny resort town site of Lake Crescent to have breakfast. It was an about 20 minute drive.

(1 1 9 8).

The snack bar was not opened yet. I drove on to the next small community, Fairholm winding along the deep glacial Lake Crescent on the surface of which the water was calm like a mirror for 10 miles. The shape of the lake looked like the crescent. I dropped in at a café there to have a continental breakfast and filled my car up with regular unleaded by 12.40 dollars.



The Crescent Lake was surrounded by steep mountain flanks. US101 ran along a lot of the brinks of the lake shores. Every sharp turning was strongly girded by sturdy big wooden barricade. In



Japan, almost all guard rails were made of steel plates and pipes. The State of Washington was a kingdom of wood, wooden guard rail might be the cheapest.

At the rest area on US101 beside the south shore of the Lake Crescent, I wanted to have a short rest to empty my bladder. To my sorry there wasn't a rest room. There are rest areas with or without rest rooms on highways in the USA. The AAA Maps designate the rest areas with rest rooms by legend ▲, and rest areas with rest rooms are designated by legend



I hurried to Hoh Valley by way of US101. Olympic National Park is famous for its primeval rain forests. Particularly HOH VALLEY which curved by the Hoh River coming from the ice field of Mt. Olympus is famous for its thickness. The primeval rainforests were made by the abundant rainfalls carried by Kuroshio Current from Japan to the west flanks of Olympic Mountains lies close to the Pacific Ocean. I went up the narrow but the well paved Hoh River road 19 miles (30 kms) along the river.



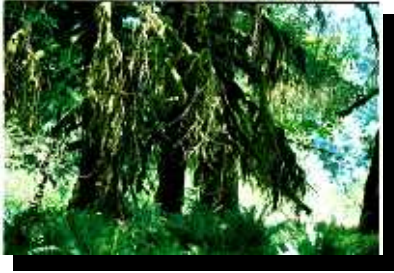
tAt the end of the Hoh Valley road, there was a small visitor center and trailhead parking lot. Two or three pay phones were set on the outer wall of the visitor center entrance. I saw a middle-aged man was speaking loudly and excitedly as if they were quarrelling violently. It attracted my attention and took my interests greatly, but I couldn't hear



what they were quarrelling about.. I went into the center and I asked what was the best to do there, and what campground the ranger recommend for the night. He suggested enjoying the walk in the typical primeval rainforests at the high latitude and many wild lives. He said the Olympic NP was called Roosevelt ELK National PARK. And as far campground I might have a little difficulties in the area of national park. After a while I took leave of the ranger. At the payphone the man was still loudly quarrelling, I went for a walk ascending up along the Hoh River Valley. I saw many kinds of mosses and ferns flourishing

and a lot of Roosevelt Elks.

(1191)



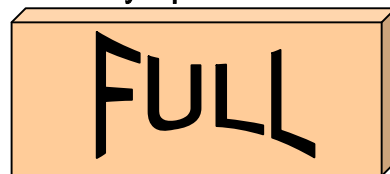
I had an about two hour walk in the primeval rainforests and got back to the visitor center, on the trail near there, a white haired old couple called me “ Hello, fancy meeting you here.” In an instant I couldn’t place them. I gazed at them with smile for a moment. I remembered and shouted out. “Oh, I see, I met you at Windy Ridge

in St. Helens. Thank you for recognizing me” We talked about trips thereafter for a while. Hoping to have a fancy meeting with each other somewhere along the Us101 some day, we took leave.

There were a few campsites left in Hoh campground, 19 miles east on Hoh River Road near the visitor center. I passed through the campground without stopping. I drove down along the Hoh River toUS101 and furthermore to the beach of the Pacific Ocean. There were four campgrounds along the route. Though I wanted to get a campsite at the beach, I dropped in at every campground one after another.

Minnie Peterson Campground, a few sites vacancy
Willowy Creek Campground, one site left,
Hoh Oxbow Campground, no vacancy,
Cottonwood Campground, no vacancy.
These four were small private ones.

The last hope was kalaloch Campground which was public, pretty large (177 sites) located on the long (80km) narrow Pacific Coast line section of the Olympic National Park. In front of

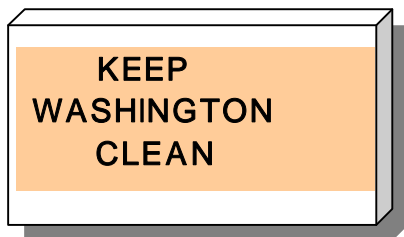


the entrance gate, Board sign FULL was hung. I went to pieces. I drove down slowly on US101 south 2 miles aimlessly. Suddenly I had a glimpse of the board SOUTH BEACH CAMP AREA, Camp Area wasn’t, what we call, campground. There were not any camper’s facilities except portable toilets. It was a restricted beach area, there were no specific campsites and no fee was charged.

When I entered into the camp area, It was pretty dark, late in the evening. A great number of tents were already set. Campfires were seen here and there.

I peered about looking for a place to pitch my tent.

(1192)



I saw this kind of sign boards everywhere along the highway side or public area. And sturdy steal-made litter barrels were set every two miles in the turnouts of the highways.

The litter barrels were made of thick steel panels (about 1.2 mm thick) so as not to be destroyed by giant bears. In spite of lots of tents, motor homes, cars and crowds of people, the beach camp area was seen very clean.

Many states in the US and many provinces in Canada I saw SLOGAN BOARD of the States or Provinces along the highways, **Keep Oregon Clean**, **Keep Idaho Clean**, **Keep BC Clean**, **Keep Yukon Clean**, etc.

I hadn't known that Olympic National Park composed of two parts, one was the massive Olympic Mountains and the other was the 100km long Pacific Coast line, until I visited there.

Section of the Mountains

Section of the Pacific Coast

South Beach Camp Area
I pitched a tent, July 27th.



July 28th (Saturday)

I got up at 06:00.

The warm and humid Japan Sea Current which made Hoh rainforests, made my tent wet like a heavy rain.



I took a walk along the large concave sea shore of the South Beach. The beach ended at big crags in the sea and made a small cove where the beach was made of beautiful pebbles. Lots of large drift woods were assembled in the cove and scattered all over the pebble beach. Large and small, every pebble was perfectly smooth oval. It was a wonderful sight.

On the evening of the day before, I was pitching my tent on the slightly sloped sands of the beach, when an old couple who set his camping trailer beside my site, came to my tent



Trailer home



and invited me to his camping trailer after supper to have a chat drinking a cup of coffee. I accepted with delight thanking for

their kindness.

After supper, I called at their trailer which was pretty large, well designed and of which interior was luxuriously equipped. The number plate of their car was of Nebraska State.

Americans may have a habit to look at the car number at first sight. They often asked me "What's California like", when I stopped at a campground in the state but California. I felt Americans had a yearning to live once in California.

They were very proud of their motor home, they showed and explained me everything of the interior including a gorgeous bed room.

On the dining table of the center of the car, coffee sets, tea pot, cookies and something were already prepared for tea breaks. And albums, maps, brochures etc were laid too. Both of the couple were talkative but they spoke loudly and slowly, because they knew my ability of English conversation. I was almost a listener.

I knew very little about Nebraska. They talked about Great Planes Prairie that was the largest granary in North America, corn fields, cane fields and bourbon whiskies. They showed me photo graphs of granaries, his house, his vast corn fields and his big family etc.



A large silo in a granary

Judging from their way of speaking, they might guess that I was much younger than they, but I thought I was pretty older than they. Usually Japanese look younger than foreigners.

My English must have been out of shape, but we had a good evening. Thanking them, I said good night.

(1194)

As I felt slightly weary, I stayed in bed late that morning. I got up at seven. The neighboring old couple seemed still to be in bed, while the opposite side neighbor was busily preparing the morning table. We said "Good Morning" each other loudly with smile. He said he came from Seattle to catch fish by a landing net in the tideland, as if children scoop small gold fish in the tub



by a small paper landing net at a summer festivals in Japan. He said he had a good bag without fail every time at low tide. He never went fishing, always caught fish with his own instruments and in his own ways. He showed me with a proud look. many kinds of instruments he invented from his long experiences. I was much interested in his unique pastime. He said, though the Oregon Coasts were very popular in the world, Washington coasts weren't always inferior to the Oregon s. There were many sight-seeing places worthwhile driving back to the mouth of the Hoh River, along US101 in the Pacific rim section of the Olympic National Park.

Taking his recommendation, I drove back on US101 about twenty miles. There re many beach accesses along US 101. I dropped in at every beach so as not to miss the beautiful coasts of Washington. I found a road sign **WHALE WATCHING** at the off ramp of a beach access. I drove into the beach access with jumping for joy.

Pacific Coast section of Olympic National Park

Scenic US101 along the Pacific

Whale Watching

South Beach Camp Area July 28 (Saturday)



(1195)

I took a walk on the beach for a while; whales didn't show up in time. They were supposed to come down from the Arctic Ocean to go down to Scammon's lagoons located in the middle of the Pacific Coast of the Baja California Peninsula, Mexico, in order to have their babies.



(When I had a trip to Baja California in 1989, I wanted to drop in at the famous whale-watching place "Scammon's Lagoon". Sorry to say, I hadn't made it, because my two wheel drive car had dug in the beach sands and couldn't get out for hours. At that time, I heard they came down from the Arctic Ocean along the Pacific Coast of Canada and America to Baja California, Mexico.)

This section of US101 nominated for a scenic highway and ran through the thick primeval rainforest which was dark even in the day time. Once we got out from the forest, bright sunny beautiful beach sceneries of the Pacific Coast showed up in front of our sight.

Returning again to the South Beach Campground. I left there at about nine o'clock. US101 runs 20 miles east north-east and I got to a small community Quinaught where I had an unpleasant breakfast. I went into a café calling "Good morning". A waitress behind the counter had a glance of me, but she ignored me without saying anything. As there were no guests in the hall, I took a table for myself and waited for a while. Waitress was standing, speaking with someone behind the counter. All of a sudden, I hit the ceiling. The conversations between two were as follows.

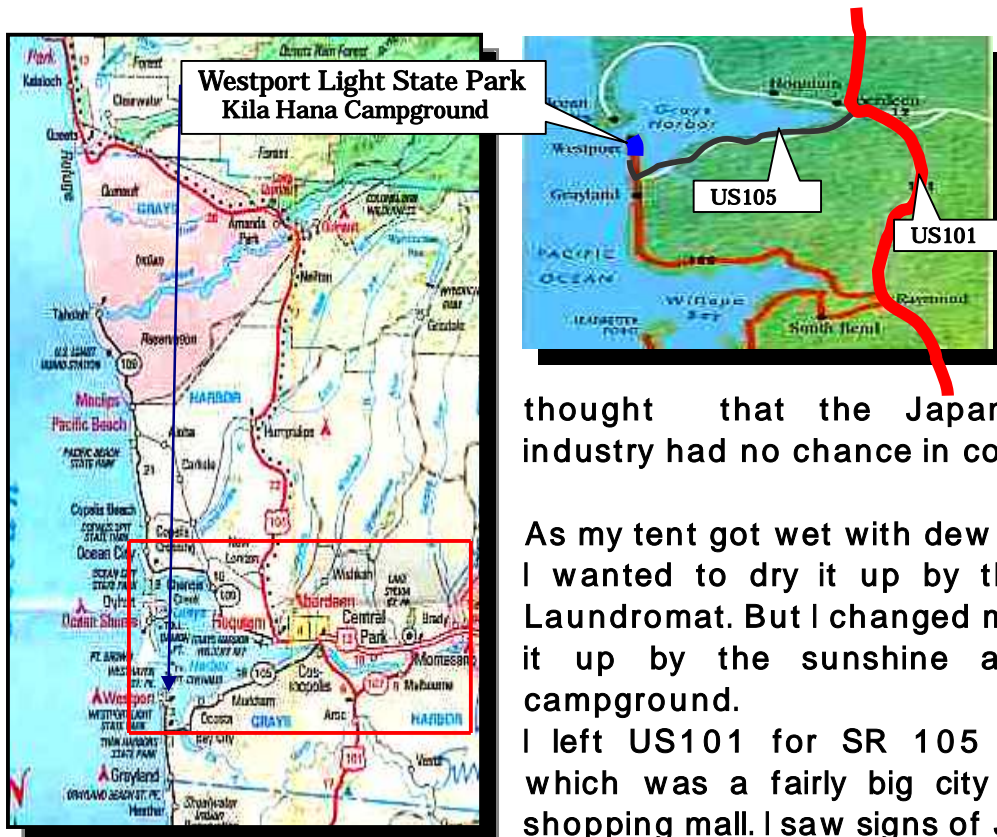


waitress, menu.	On the table
	Order, sir
Two eggs	How
Sunny-side-up	Meat
Some bacon	Bread
Brown	Potato
French fried	Coffee
Small mug	Anything
Tomato juice	Else
That's all	

Giving me a cold stare, she said in a curt way of speaking. She seemed to hate me or colored. I talked to her gentry with smile in Japanese "anataha kawayukunai". I put two quarters on the table and footed the bill at the cashier in silence. I was nasty for a while. (1196)

I thought over my conduct at the café, it might have been rude that I lost my temper for a young country girl. I had to be more generous and thoughtful to others in consideration of my age. I was easily offended with a trifle, which might come from my inferiority complex. I have to be careful.

At Quinault, US101 turns due south about 50 miles inland to Hoquiam.



The highway ran through the vast thick beautiful scenic forests.. I

thought that the Japanese forestry industry had no chance in competition.

As my tent got wet with dew that morning, I wanted to dry it up by the drier at a Laundromat. But I changed my mind to dry it up by the sunshine at the days campground.

I left US101 for SR 105 at Aberdeen which was a fairly big city with a large shopping mall. I saw signs of JC Penny and Sears at a distance from US101. I drove on

SR105 southwest 20 miles along the south shore of the Grays Harbor Bay to Westport which was located the top of a few mile long promontory.

There were four state parks and one public, four private campgrounds at Westport and in the neighborhood.

I wanted to take a site at Kila Hana Campground (private) in Twin Harbors State Park.. when I went to the registration office of the state park, a card **OPEN** was hung at the gate and on the door window, there was labeled **PLEASE COME IN** but the door was locked. As it was weekend and Saturday besides, the busiest day in the resort areas, I was afraid there was no vacancy. I was waiting for a while, and soon the park attendant came back to the office. He said, he was very glad I came, for I was the first visitor from Japan.

(To be continued)

He kindly prepared me a sunny campsite. I pitched a wet tent in the sun. Sun shine and gentle winds from the Pacific Ocean dried the tent perfectly soon.

NAME KIMURA	DATE IN 7/28	TH
ADDRESS	DATE OUT 7/29	SITE NO.
CITY & STATE	ZIP	<input type="checkbox"/> RE REG
SIGNATURE	Kila Hana Camperland 931 S. Forrest Ave. Westport, WA 98595 Phone (206) 258-9528	
MAKE & TYPE OF	NO. OF GUESTS	
CAMPING UNIT		
UNIT LICENSE NO.	STATE	
We reserve the right to refuse service to anyone and will not be responsible for accidents or injuries to our guests or for loss of money or valuables of any kind		
RATE \$	(DAYS/WEEKS/MONTHS)	\$ 10
HOOKUPS/EXTRAS		\$
DEDUCTS		\$
SUB TOTAL		\$
SUB TOTAL	TAX	PREPAID
\$	\$	\$
TOTAL		\$ 20
Region Hook <input type="checkbox"/> Repeat <input type="checkbox"/> Friend <input type="checkbox"/> Directory <input type="checkbox"/> Camp Show <input type="checkbox"/> Road Sign <input type="checkbox"/> Other		

As it was too early in the afternoon that the tent was made, I had much free time. I had a lot of washing to do, I went to a Laundromat in Westport town site.

And then, I had a hike along the Pacific coast up to the point of the promontory and turned back along the Grays Harbor coast

down to my tent. Here and there many people were enjoying surf fishing, clam digging, crabbing or just wading.

Returning to my tent, I was taking a rest, when the attendant came to my tent with his Polaroid Camera and asked me to take my picture and to sign name, address, and date on the back, in memory of the first Japanese visitor. He took me a picture in front of my tent. Anyway he was a typically friendly American.

It was a nice and relaxing day, this day.

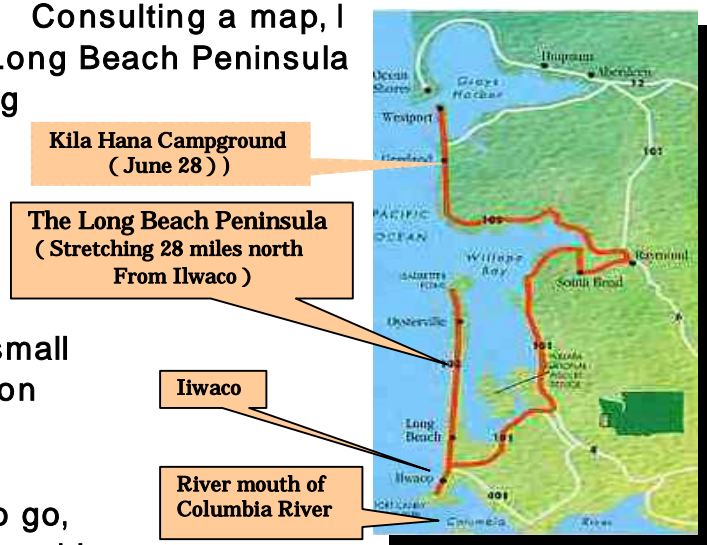
July 29th (Sunday)

I got up at 5:40 and left Olympic National Park for Washington Coast and widely famous Oregon Coast. Consulting a map, I was deeply interested in the Long Beach Peninsula which was really 28 miles long and some one mile wide hard sand beach.

It was at 8:30 when I got to Lon Beach which was located at the southern end of the peninsula, and was a small village and fishing and vacation center.

First I visited Ilwaco Visitors Information to know where to go, what to see, what to do. They said,

among the peninsula s scenic viewpoints were Cape Disappointment and North Head lighthouse, North Jetty and Beard s Hollow.



Ilwaco was located at the northern bank of the Columbia River. Before jetties were erected to control its sandbar, the mouth of Columbia River was known as the Graveyard of the Pacific. It is said that nearly 2000 vessels and almost 700 lives had been lost near Cape Disappointment, for 300 years.

North Head Light House was built on the brink of the Pacific coast and guided mariners sailing from the north. Cape Disappointment Light House guarded the entrance to the Columbia River and its dangerous bar.

As the roads to the light houses ran through the thick forests, the views were not very good, but at the points of light houses spectacular views widely showed up. Admission into the light house was one dollar.

Returning to Ilwaco again, I took SR103 due north 28 miles to the top end of the narrow Long Beach Peninsula.

At Long Beach:

A 12-foot-wide elevated boardwalk extended along 2.300feet from Long Beach town site to beachfront. It had three observation platforms with telescopes.

Jetty: ———
 Light House: ■



Adieu to Washington. Now, I stepped into OREGON.

Along SR103 there were several long narrow resort communities, from south, Seaview, Long Beach, Ocean Park, Surfside and Leadbetter Point State Park. (see the map in 1199) .I didn't see many people in the towns and beautiful beaches in spite of Sunday. I thought residents in Washington had sea and mountain resort areas in comparison with its population 3.5 million. I can't help comparing with Shonan beaches in Japan.



I left Long Beach and took US101 about 15 miles southeast for the Astoria Bridge crossing over the wide mouth of the Columbia River. The bridge was so long (4 miles,6.4 km) that a toll (1.5 dollars) was charged at the check station of Oregon side exit.



Just I found a parking lot at the foot of the bridge and entered it, there were few cars parked neatly. The photograph was taken there. The parking lot was exclusive for Astoria Police Station.

(1200)